SIR JOSEPH BANKS

AND

THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

[Price ONE SHILLING and SIXPENCE.]

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

BRITISH MUSEUM

SIR JOSEPH BANKS

AND

THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

A TALE.

[i.e. John Wolcot.]

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQUIRE.

SECOND EDITION.

Non omnia possumus omnes.

One Intellect not all Things comprehends:
The Genius form'd for Weeds, and Grubs, and Flies,
Can't have for ever at its Finger Ends
What's doing ev'ry Moment in the Skies.

LONDON:

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M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE ARGUMENT.

PETER *the* GREAT *fighteth the Preſident's Battle—proclaimeth ſome of the Preſident's Powers—viz. his perſevering Tooth-and-nail Powers—his Stomach Powers—his Face Powers—his Hammer Powers, triumphing over the Powers of* Morpheus, *and* eke *his courageous Powers.*

Peter *beginneth the Tale—Sir* Joſeph *proceedeth to hunt—but firſt ejaculateth—The Virtuoſo's Prayer—Sir* Joſeph's *Inſect Enthuſiaſm induceth him, contrary to his general Piety, to pray wickedly, by ſelfiſhly wiſhing to gratify his own Deſires at the Expence of the Farmers—Sir* Joſeph *prayeth for* Pharaoh's *Flies—condemneth* Pharaoh's *Taſte—maketh Intereſt for Showers of Flies, inſtead of Quails—prayeth for Monſters, and promiſeth them the Honour of his Name.*

Sir Joſeph, *in a Pointer-like Manner, ambulateth—he eſpieth the Emperor of* Morocco—Peter *conjectureth as to Sir* Joſeph's *Joy on the Occaſion—compareth Sir* Joſeph's *Joy with that experienced by* Archimedes, *Hare-hunters, outrageouſly-virtuous old Maids, the little Duke of* Piccadilly, *a Pimp, Mother* Windſor's Virgins, *and Mother* Windſor herſelf—*Sir* Joſeph's *Purſuit—the Preſident tumbleth, in Imitation of Mr.* Eden *—a beautiful Compariſon between Sir* Joſeph *and* Tamerlane, *a Butterfly, and* Bajazet—*Sir* Joſeph *again tumbleth—Sir* Joſeph's *Hat tumbleth with him—Sir* Joſeph *riſeth and bloweth—he is gazed at by a Countryman—he darteth through a Hedge in Purſuit of the Emperor, and tumbleth into a Lane—he getteth up ſpeedily, and putteth a Queſtion to* Hob—Hob *anſwereth not, but pitieth him—Sir* Joſeph *obtaineth a ſecond*

THE ARGUMENT.

View of he Emperor — purſueth his Majeſty into a Garden — overſetteth the Gardener — trampleth on rare flowers — breaketh many Bell Glaſſes — overturneth the Scarecrow — Peter *praiſeth the Scarecrow* — *Sir* Joſeph *overſetteth a hive of Bees* — *The Bees ſurprized* — *they attempt a Revenge, but ſucceed not, on Account of the hard and tough Materials of Sir* Joſeph's *Headpiece* — *The Gardener, quitting his horizontal Poſition, purſueth Sir* Joſeph — *Sir* Joſeph *purſueth the Emperor, and the Emperor flieth away* — *The Gardener collareth Sir* Joſeph, *and expoſtulateth* — *Sir* Joſeph *heedeth not the Gardener's Complaint, being in deep Sorrow for the Loſs of the Emperor* — *The Gardener quitteth his Gripe in Sir* Joſeph, *and putteth him down for a Lunatic* — *the Gardener execrateth Sir* Joſeph's *Keeper, and falleth into a Panic* — *flieth off unceremoniouſly, and leaveth the* Preſident *in the Situation of a celebrated Prophet.*

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PROEMIUM

PROEMIUM.

PETRUS LOQUITUR.

SINCE members loſt to manners, growl;
Call poor Sir Joſeph aſs, and owl;
Nay, oft with coarſer epithets revile;
Though pitying much his pigmy merit,
Let me diſplay a Chriſtian ſpirit,
And try to lift a lame dog o'er a ſtyle.

Though not, like Erſkine, in the law a giant,
I muſt take up the cudgels for my client.

Know by theſe preſents, then, ye noiſy crew,
Who at his bluſhing honours* look ſo blue,

* *Bluſhing honours*—the author undoubtedly means the epithet *bluſhing* to be underſtood as ſynonymous with *blooming*, and not in a ſatyrical ſenſe: God forbid that the friend of Sir Joſeph ſhould mean *otherwiſe!*

That though Sir Joſeph is not deep-diſcerning,
And though, as all the world well knows,
A nutſhell might with perfect eaſe encloſe
Three quarters of his ſenſe, and all his learning;
Whoſe modeſt wiſdom, therefore, never aims
To find the longitude, or burn the Thames;

Yet, as to things he ſets himſelf about,
With tooth and nail, like *Hercules*, ſo ſtout,
He labours for his wiſh, no matter what;——
I can't ſay that Sir Joſeph lions kills;
Hugs giants, or the blood of hydras ſpills;
But then moſt manfully he eats a bat,
Eats toads, or tough, or tender, old, or young,
As in the ſweeteſt ſtrains the Muſe hath ſung:*
Fit with the hugeſt Hottentot to cope,
Who dines on raw fleſh at the Cape of Hope.

* See Peter's Prophecy,

Bleſt with a phiz, he bids the Members tremble!
To deathlike ſilence turns the direſt din;
And where ſo many ſavages aſſemble,
[illegible] hounds they want a proper Whipper-in.

Dare [illegible]bers ſleep*, a ſet of ſnoring Goths,
Whilſt [illegible]n reads a chapter upon moths?
Down ge[illegible]e hammer, cloath'd with thunder!
Up ſpring the [illegible]rers, half without their wigs;
Old Graybeards grave, and ſmock-fac'd Prigs,
With ell-wide jaws diſplaying ſigns of wonder.

Lo! perſeverance is the ſoul of action!
And courage proper to oppoſe a faction;
Therefore he ſits with wonderful propriety,
The MONRO of a mad Society:
And that he is both brave and perſevering,
Witneſs the following ſtory, well worth hearing.

* Frequently, indeed, are the Members ſent to the land of ſhadows by the Society's ſomniferous papers; aſſiſted in a great meaſure in their voyage by the Doctor's drowſy manner of communicating the contents.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS

AND

THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

A PRESIDENT, in butterflies profound,
Of whom all Inſectmongers ſing the praiſes,
Went on a day to catch this game renown'd,
On vi'lets, dunghills, nettletops, and daiſies!
But firſt (ſo pious is Sir Joſeph's nature)
He thus addreſs'd the butterfly's Creator.

THE

The VIRTUOSO's PRAYER.

O THOU whoſe wiſdom plann'd the ſkies,
And form'd the wings of butterflies,
Attend my humble pray'r!
Like Egypt, as in days of yore,
Let earth with flies be cover'd o'er,
And darken'd all the air.

This, Lord, wou'd be the beſt of news——
Then might thy ſervant pick and chuſe
From ſuch a glorious heap:
Forth to the world I'd boldly ruſh,
Put all Muſæums to the bluſh,
And hold them all dog cheap.

Pharaoh had not one grain of taſte——
The flies on *him* were thrown to waſte,

Nay,

Nay, met with ſtrong objection;
But had thy ſervant, Lord, been there,
I ſhould have made, or much I err,
A wonderful collection!

O Lord! if not my mem'ry fails,
Thou once didſt rain on people quails——
Again the world ſurprize;
And 'ſtead of ſuch a trifling bird,
Rain on thy ſervant Joſeph, Lord,
Show'rs of rare butterflies!

Since monſters are my great delight,
With monſters charm thy ſervant's ſight,
Turn feathers into hair:
Make legs where legs were never ſeen,
And eyes, no bigger than a pin,
As broad as ſaucers ſtare.

The reptiles that are born with claws,
O! let thy pow'r ſupply with paws,
Adorn'd with human nails;
In value more to make them riſe,
Tranſplant from all their heads, their eyes,
And place them in their tails.

And if thou wiſely wouldſt contrive
To make me butterflies alive,
To fly without a head;
To ſkim the hedges and the fields,
Nay, eat the meat thy bounty yields;
Such wonders were indeed!

Blagden ſhould puff them at our Meeting;
Members would preſs around me greeting;
The Journals ſwell with thanks;
And more to magnify their fame,
Thoſe headleſs flies ſhould have a name——
My name —— Sir Joſeph Banks!"

THUS having finiſh'd, forth Sir Joſeph hies,
Hope in his heart, and eagles in his eyes!
Juſt like a pointer, quart'ring well his ground,
He nimbly trots the field around!
At length, to bleſs his hunting ambulation,
Up roſe a Native of the flutt'ring nation.
Broad ſtar'd Sir Joſeph as if ſtruck by thunder;
(For much, indeed, are eyes enlarg'd by wonder,)
When from a dab of dung, or *ſome ſuch thing*,
An Emp'ror of Morocco rear'd his wing!

Not Archimedes, 'tis my firm belief,
More bleſt, cried "*Eureka*, I've nabb'd the thief;"
Nor hunters, when a hare, to ſhun foul play,
Steals from his ſeat ſo ſly, cry "Stole away;"
Nor ſtale old nymphs, by raging virtue ſway'd,
Roar on a Frail one, "Kill the wicked jade;"
Than roar'd Sir Joſeph on the verdant ſod,
"Morocco's Emp'ror, by the living God!"

Not with more joy, nor rapture-ſpeaking look,
The little gameſome PICCADILLY DUKE
Eyes a nice TIT, freſh launch'd upon the town;
Nor with more pleaſure Cupid's truſty crimp,
By mouths of vulgar people nam'd a pimp,
Stares on his virtuous fee, a crown;

Nor King's-Place nymphs, on Greenhorns in their pow'r;
Who (ſhameleſs raſcals, wanting not a wife,)
Hire love, like hackney coaches, by the hour,
Damning the love ſo true that laſts for life;
Nor wither'd WINDSOR on the ſimple Maid,
From ſcenes of rural innocence betray'd;
Forc'd to diſpoſe of Nature's ſweeteſt charms;
Doom'd for a meal to ſink a beauteous wreck;
To lend to man ſhe loathes, her lip, her neck,
And, weeping, act the wanton in his arms;
Than did the Hero of my ſong,
Survey the Emp'ror as he mov'd along.

Lightly

Not with more glee a hen-peck'd huſband ſpies
Death ſhutting up his wife's two cat-like eyes,
  Accuſtom'd on him oft and fierce to roll;
Juſt like a galley ſlave, poor fellow, treated,
Or thoſe poor Engliſh at Calcutta ſweated;
  Stuff'd in the old Black Hole:

And yet, a neater ſimile to uſe,
Not with more true delight a lover views
  The bluſhing orient leading on the day
That gives a blooming partner to his arms,
In virtues rich, and rich in youthful charms,
  To bid the hours with rapture glide away:

Sad anxious ſwain, who now in bed, now out,
Toſs'd like the ſea with thundering thoughts about;
  Curſing with hearty pray'rs the lingering night;
Now trying hard to ſleep away the time;
Now ſtaring on the dark, like bards for rhyme,
  To catch the ſmalleſt glimpſe of light.

Afraid that Phœbus means foul play,
And, bent to ſpite him, lie a-bed all day:

And, *bonâ fidê*, not of rapture fuller,
Thurlow, the Seal and Royal Conſcience keeper,
Sees his prime fav'rite, Mr. Juſtice Buller,
High thron'd in Chancery, grieve the poor Sir Pepper,
Than did the Preſident ſo keen eſpy
The butterfly!

Lightly with winnowing wing amid the land,
His Mooriſh Majeſty in circles flew!
With ſturdy ſtriding legs and outſtretch'd hand,
The Virtuoſo did his prey purſue.

He ſtrikes—he miſſes—ſtrikes again—he grins,
And ſees in thought the monarch fix'd with pins;
Sees him on paper giving up the ghoſt,
Nail'd like a hawk or martyr to a poſt.

Oft fell Sir Joſeph on the ſlipp'ry plain,
Like *patriot* EDEN—fell to riſe again;
The Emp'ror ſmiling, ſported on before;
Like Phœbus courſing Daphne was the chace,
But not ſo was the meaning of the race,
Sir Joſeph ran to kill, not kiſs the Moor;

To hold him pris'ner in a glaſs for ſhow,
Like Tamerlane, (redoubtable his rage)
Who kept poor Bajazet, his vanquiſh'd foe,
Juſt like an owl or magpye in a cage.

Again to earth Sir Joſeph fell ſo flat,
Flat as the flatteſt of the flounder race!
Down with Sir Joſeph dropp'd his three-cock'd hat,
Moſt nobly ſharing in his friend's diſgrace.
Again he ſprings, with hope and ardour pale,
And blowing like the fiſh baptiz'd a whale;

Darting his arms now here, now there, ſo wild,
With all the eager raptures of a child,
Who with broad anxious eye a bauble views,
And, capering legs and hands, the toy purſues.

A Countryman, who, from a lane,
Had mark'd Sir Joſeph, running, tumbling, ſweating,
Stretching his hands and arms, like one inſane,
And with thoſe arms the air around him beating,
To no particular opinion leaning,
Of ſuch manœuvring could not gueſs the meaning.

At length the Preſident, all foam and muck,
Quite out of breath, and out of luck,
Purſued the flying monarch to the place,
Where ſtood this Countryman, with marv'ling face.

Now through the hedge, exactly like a horſe,
Wild plung'd the Preſident with all his force,

His

His brow in ſweat, his ſoul in perturbation;
Mindleſs of trees, and buſhes, and the brambles,
Head over heels into the lane he ſcrambles,
Where Hob ſtood loſt in wide-mouth'd ſpeculation!

"Speak," roar'd the Preſident, "this inſtant—ſay,
"Haſt ſeen, haſt ſeen, my lad, this way
"The Emp'ror of Morocco paſs?"——
Hob to the inſect-hunter nought replied,
But ſhook his head, and ſympathizing ſigh'd,
"Alas!
"Poor gentleman, I'm ſorry for ye;
"And pity much your *upper ſtory!*"

Lo! down the lane alert the Emp'ror flew,
And ſtruck once more Sir Joſeph's hawk-like view;
And now he mounted o'er a garden wall!
In ruſh'd Sir Joſeph at the garden door,
Knock'd down the Gard'ner—what could man do more,
And left him as he choſe to riſe or ſprawl.

O'er peerleſs hyacinths our Hero ruſh'd;
Through tulips and anemonies he puſh'd,
Breaking a hundred necks at ev'ry ſpring:
On bright carnations, bluſhing on their banks,
With deſp'rate hoof he trod, and mow'd down ranks,
Such vaſt ambition urg'd to ſeize the king!

Bell glaſſes, all ſo thick, were tumbled o'er,
And lo! the cries, ſo ſhrill, of many a ſcore,
A ſad and fatal ſtroke proclaim'd;
The Scarecrow all ſo red, was overturn'd;
His vaniſh'd hat, and wig, and head, he mourn'd,
And much, indeed, the man of ſtraw was maim'd!

Juſt Guardian of the ſacred ſpot,
With face ſo fierce, and pointed gun,
Who threat'ned all the birds with ſhot;
To kill of ſparrows ev'ry mother's ſon:

Fierce

Fierce as thoſe ſcarlet miniſters of fate,
The warlike guardians of St. James's gate!

Yet not content with feats like theſe,
He tumbled o'er a hive of bees;
Out ruſh'd the hoſt, and wonder'd from their ſouls,
What dev'l dar'd daſh their houſe about their polls.

Like Louis *, whoſe fierce heart was ſuch,
As made him like a football kick the Dutch!

But ſoon the ſmall, heroic, injur'd nation
Deſcried the author of their obligation;
And, to repay it, round him ruſh'd the ſwarm;
Prodigious was the buz about his ears!
With all their venom did they puſh their ſpears,
But lo! they work'd him not one grain of harm!

* Louis XIV.

Yet did no God nor Godling intervene,
By way of ſcreen!

The happy head their pointed ſpears defied,
Strong, like old Homer's ſhields, in tough bull hide,
And braſs well temper'd, to ſupport the ſhock!——
The bees their diſappointed vengeance mourn'd,
And from their fierce attack, fatigu'd, return'd,
Believing they had ſtorm'd a barber's block.

What was thought death and tortures by the clan,
Was only tickling the great Man!
Thus round big Ajax rag'd the Trojan hoſt,
Who might as well, indeed, have drubb'd a poſt.

The Gard'ner now for juſt revenge up ſprung,
O'erwhelm'd with wonderment and dung,

And

And fiercely in his turn purſu'd the Knight!
From bed to bed, full tilt the champions rac'd,
This chac'd the Knight, the Knight the Emp'ror chac'd,
Who ſcal'd the walls, alas! and vaniſh'd out of ſight;
To find the Empreſs, p'rhaps, and tell her GRACE
The merry hiſt'ry of the chace.

At length the Gard'ner, ſwell'd with rage and dolour,
O'ertaking, graſps Sir Joſeph by the collar,
And bleſt with fav'rite oaths, abundance ſhow'rs;——
"Villain," he cried, "beyond example!
"Juſt like a cart-horſe on my beds to trample,
"More than your ſoul is worth, to kill my flow'rs!
"See how your two vile hoofs have made a wreck——
"Look, raſcal, at each Beauty's broken neck!"——

Mindleſs of humbled flow'rs, ſo freely kill'd,
Although ſuperior to his ſoul declar'd,
And vegetable blood profuſely ſpill'd,
Superior, too, to all reward;

Mindleſs of all the Gard'ner's plaintive ſtrains,
The Emp'ror's form monopoliz'd his brains.

At length he ſpoke, in ſad deſpairing tones,
" Gone! by the God that made me!—D-mn his bones!
" O Lord! no diſappointment mine ſurpaſſes;—
" Poh! what are paltry flowers and broken glaſſes,
" A tumbled Scarecrow, bees, the idle whim?—
" Zounds! what a fet of miſcreants to *him!*—

" Gone is my ſoul's deſire, for ever gone!"—
" Who's gone?" the Gard'ner ſtraight replied—
" The Emp'ror, Sir," with tears, Sir Joſeph, cried—
" The Emp'ror of Morocco—thought my own!
" To unknown fields behold the Monarch fly!—
" Zounds! not to catch him, what an aſs was I!"

His eyes the Gard'ner, full of horror, ſtretch'd,
And then a groan, a monſtrous groan, he fetch'd,

Contemplating

Contemplating around his ruin'd wares;
And now he let Sir Joſeph's collar go;
And now he bray'd aloud with bittereſt woe,
" Mad, madder than the maddeſt of March hares!

" A p-x confound the fellow's Bedlam rigs!
" Oh! he hath done the work of fifty pigs!
" The Devil take his Keeper, a damn'd gooſe, —— ——
" For letting his wild Beaſt get looſe!" —— —— ——
But now the Gard'ner, terrified, began
To think himſelf too near a man
In ſo Peg-Nicholſon a ſituation;
And happy from a madman to eſcape,
He left him without bow, or nod, or ſcrape,
Like JEREMIAH midſt his Lamentation.

Such is the tale——if readers ſigh for more,
Sir Joſeph's wallet holdeth many a ſcore.

THE END.

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